

tions, the metaphoric sentimentality and the hysterical nonsense that it has pleased Mrs. Campbell to dispense. The old epigram that was commended to Queen Caroline after the odoriferous trial seems not inappropriate to Mrs. Tanqueray and the Countess Beata:

"Most gracious queen, we thee implore  
To go away and sin no more;  
Or if that effort is too great,  
To go away, at any rate."

E. J. Y.

## ✧ Dramatic Notes ✧

### Eleanor Lawson's Success.

Another Salt Laker is in a good way to make a success on the stage. Miss Eleanor Lawson figures well up in the cast of "The Honour of the Humble," with which James O'Neill is trying to shake off the incubus of about twenty years of "Monte Cristo." Furthermore, she has found a place in the forces of Liebler & Co., who are growing powers in the theatrical world. Miss Lawson will appear as a princess, and although not long on the stage, during the play has an important role. I do not believe that the company will be seen in Salt Lake this season, as it is booked through the East and South. Miss Lawson has pleased her managers, and there is no doubt that she will be of more importance next season.

"The Belle of New York," with its seasoned jokes and clever music, closed a refreshing engagement at the Salt Lake Theater last night. The cast has been changed, muchly changed, since a year ago, but the slappytebang dash of the musical comedy allows any old company to make you enjoy it.

Fred Nye is a delightfully foolish comedian, and Marie Rosa a Fifi who can sing; not so Frenchy and captivating, however, as Mae Sallor.

Max Bloom as the lunatic and Floy Redledge as the Salvation Army girl were the disappointments of the cast. Some of the chorus are sweet and grandmotherly, and one or two are not, but the comedy will come again next year, and have more crowded houses.

"Over the Fence" is the Theater attraction this afternoon and evening. Better get a gait on, and go.

"Nevada" (another libel on the poor State) is crowding houses at the Grand, and "The James Boys in Missouri" will be here to be shown next week.

Small, Maynard & Co. have just issued a handsome popular edition of Walt Whitman's "Complete Prose Works" in one volume, uniform with their popular edition of "Leaves of Grass."

## ✧ Golf ✧

In these sere and yellow days, when the ball gets lost in the dead leaves on the lawn, and the sun sneaks behind the hills while the sixth hole is being played, there is much to think about next year's schedule. One suggestion strikes me as being particularly good, and that is to have monthly contests among the players of the various classes, say 18 holes, medal play, for the honor of first place in the class and for some little trophy offered by the greens committee. This year there was but little competition for place except in class A, but with a scheduled contest for, say the last Saturday of each month, undoubtedly the scrap for place would be much keener. If these contests would interfere with the more important play leading up to the annual championships, why not have them Sundays, when larger fields are assured? Far more interest has been shown in the game this year than at any time since the club was organized. But not enough attention has been paid to the occasional players. There are several players in the B classes, who, with the proper amount of play—and nothing but actual competition wears the rough edges off a person's game—will require some lively playing to put them out of the running for next year's championship contests. A schedule of this kind would stimulate interest, provide a lot of genuine fun, and probably make A class players out of several who are now in the rut simply because they do not play enough.

A silver tea set from Tiffany's master workmen will be among the prizes to be played for next season—and perhaps for several after, as it must be won twice before it becomes the fortunate golfer's property. This unique trophy, offered by Mr. Samuel Newhouse, is to be played for in a handicap tournament, open to all members of the club, and if it doesn't result in a large accession to the ranks of golf devotees then the game might as well be relegated to the cedars. The prize will really be one of the most valuable ever offered for golf competition, and should make even young Tam Morris forsake his Scotch and soda for the milder and less fozzling Oolong.

Hale and Steiner were collecting the Haskells from the grouchy losers in the locker room Sunday. But one player couldn't see it.

"But someone didn't play me last game," he quoth. "I stood right out there, right out there, yes sir, as they paid the stakes. I want to collect before I pay."

"Huh," growled somebody. "I'll give him a ball if he'll carry it in his mouth the next time he plays."

Verily, silence on the putting green is worth the price of anthracite coal. I. GOLFSOME.

Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright's new book for children is entitled "Dogtown" and is a fascinating collection of stories of animal life suited to the tests and understanding of little ones.

## ✧ Versatile Joseph ✧

A New York Sun of recent date contains the following:

"Joseph J. Bamberger, 22 years old, a broker living at 92 Morningside Avenue, was arraigned this morning in the West Side Police court charged with speeding an automobile on Central park West. Bicycle Policeman Nerney of the West One Hundredth street station testified that he timed Bamberger, and that the automobile ran five blocks in one minute, or at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

"Bamberger put in a novel defense. It was successful. When Magistrate Deuel asked him what he had to say for running the automobile so fast, the prisoner replied:

"There was a bicyclist in front of me, and I regulated my speed to him. Finally he got reckless and rode zigzag. I got afraid he would collide with me, and decided to pass him. Of course, I had to speed up to get past."

"Policeman Herney said that he saw the bicyclist, and that what Bamberger said might be true.

"It sounds plausible," said Magistrate Deuel. "It is possible that he wanted to pass a reckless bicycle rider. I know that I would wish to. I'll give him the benefit of the doubt and dismiss the complaint."

As the Man Behind the Automobile, Joe is a little swift for a New York Justice, and as an inventor, he is faster than an Edison, a Dumont or our old friend Ananias.

Moses in de bulrush,

Mighty clost de sea;

'Spouse de tide hed riz up?

Whar would Moses be?

Joshua in de battle,

Ain't got light ter see;

'Spouse de sun been sleepy?

Whar would Joshua be?

Jonah in de big storm—

Whar would Jonah be

Ef de big whale hadn't said:

"Dis too much for me!"

Tarryfyin' problems—

Des won't bresh away!

Hope we'll see 'em plainer

W'en comes de risin' day!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Charles Marriott, the author of "The Column," whose second novel, "Love With Honor," is announced by John Lane, publisher, is an Englishman whose taste for letters has drawn him from natural environments to the field of literature and art.

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## Broke a Fence

The other day—we didn't, teamster did. We fixed it—always do. It helps the reputation of

**"That Good Coal"**  
**Bamberger**  
The Man on Meighn St.